11.

A True and perfect

ACCOUNT

OF A

YOUNG-MAN

Who was found Dead in a Pond in

Wood's-Close Fields,

ON

Sunday the 7th. Instant, in the Parish of St. *JAMES CLERKEN-WELL*, supposed to be

MURDERED

By some Blooddy Vilians.

WHat is said of the Marinor in respect of his Ship, that he always sails within four Inches of Death, that may be said of the Soul in relation to the Body, that it is always within few Inches of Eternity; if the Ship splits, then the Sailor sinks; if our Earthen Vessels Break, the Soul is for ever plunged into the Ocean of Eternity: Therefore how ought every one to make his Calling

Calling and Election ſure, leſt he ſhould prepoſterouſly launch into the Deep, before he knows whether he ſhall Sink or Swim: And ſeeing our Life in *Scripture* is often compared to a Bubble, a Shaddow, or a Span, God grant that we may live every Day in his Sight, as we deſire to appear the laſt Day in his Preſence. But not to detain the Reader with too long an Exordium, I ſhall proceed to the Story it ſelf.

About Ten a Clock on *Sunday* Morning, ſome Perſons walking thorough *Wood's Cloſe* at the upper end of St. *John's-ſtreet*, and having a Spaniel with them, tried how he would Waſh in the Pond adjacent to the *Cow-Houſe* that formerly ſtood in that Cloſe; but the Dog laid hold of ſomthing that Floated, which they found to be a Young-Man; upon which they gave notice to the Neighbourhood, and had him ſoon Draged out, and carried to the *Cock Ale-Houſe* in that Cloſe, where he now lyes. He is very much Beaten about the Head and Face, and by the judgment of moſt that have ſeen him, his Neck is Broke. Upon the removing him from the Pit where he was found to the Place where he now lyes, he Bled a freſh. Some Thouſands of Perſons flock'd thither on *Sunday* to ſee him, and two or three knew him, one by his Cloaths, another by a Cut that he had in his Shoe, and ſay he formerly lived in *Cock-Lane*, near *Smithfield*, and was a *Fringe*-maker by Trade, but afterwards upon fair and legal Terms parted from his Maſter, and went to live with ſome Acquaintance or Relations of his at an *Inn* in *Aldersgate-ſtreet*

ſtreet. Thoſe who knew him, ſay he had about fourſcore Pounds in Money left him by his Relations; and that they ſaw him within this three Weeks. It is conjectur'd by all Spectators that he is ſome way or other Murdered, and was carried and thrown in there; for upon a narrow ſearch and Draning of the Pond, they could find none of his Hat, and beſides it is but a ſhallow Water. The adjacent Conſtable has ordered a Watch over him, and that he ſhould be Cried in all parts of the Town, and then the Coroners Inqueſt is to ſit upon him; when 'tis hoped a true Diſcovery will be made of his untimely End, and that the Authors of this ſuppoſed Murder may be brought to Light, in order to their Punninſhment; which that the ſame may come to paſs ought to be the Prayers and Wiſhes of all good People.

FINIS.

This may be Printed, R. P.

LONDON;
Printed by *George Croom*, at the *Blue-Ball* in *Thames-ſtreet*, near *Baynard's-Caſtle*. 1683.